

I graduated valedictorian of my class. So I chose to go to college and in my freshman year I got pregnant. I knew the very next day that I was going to have a baby. I began thinking about how responsibility for another human being would change my life and I could not see how I could finish college and live the life I had always dreamed of. So, I chose to believe (but not really) that what I was carrying inside me was "a blob of tissue" and not a life. Once that decision was made I chose abortion. When I walked into the campus clinic just days before my first trimester was over, I wanted to back out so badly. I knew in my heart of hearts that what I was doing was ending the life of my unborn child but I stayed. When I heard that machine (sounded like a big vacuum cleaner) I left my body and watched everything from up above knowing that it was too late but steeling my heart against the tidal wave of pain and anguish in that moment. I knew my baby was gone. In that moment I died too. The best part of me went through that hose and into the bag where the pieces of my baby laid. Because a part of me died that day, I did not go on to finish college – which was one of the reasons I let myself go through with the abortion. I did not become a famous lawyer. I became an alcoholic instead because there was no other way to kill the pain. I stand before you today, whole, healed and forgiven. It took many years to get here. I am still not a famous lawyer but I am a wife, mother, friend, daughter, sister, and mentor. People can try to refocus our attention and make us believe that what we do when we abort our babies is not ending a life. But every woman in their heart of hearts knows differently. Some women never get set free of the pain of that decision and go on to fight the battle of "choice" in an effort to bring peace to their own souls. My heart aches for them. I long to reach out and wrap them in my arms just as some very precious women did for me when I was finally at the place where I could face the magnitude of my decision. I stand here not in judgment of anyone who has chosen to believe the lie that life does not begin at conception but to offer them hope and wholeness.

The statement that women carry blobs of tissue until they give birth flies in the face of common sense and reality. Any woman who has been pregnant doesn't read the pregnancy test and tell their husband or significant other – hey we are going to have a blob of tissue – they tell them, "we are going to have a baby."

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